

# THE HOUSESCHOOL & OPERA

## Popular Information, Amusement and Domestic Economy.

A. HATHORN &amp; CO., PUBLISHERS,

30 NORTH WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1861.

PER ANNUUM, \$1.00  
(WEEKLY, FIVE CENTS)**Poetry.****THE DARKEST HOUR.**

BY JAMES CRITCHLEY FRANCIS.

Despair not, Pooh, where man and nature  
To terrible the exulted atmosphere of frost!  
Give thy heart words, let partiality speak;  
So that they song may represent thy woe:  
Sing on and hope, nor murmur that the crowd  
Are slow to hear and recognize thy lay;  
The world will listen, and weep over thy  
The darkest hour lies on the wings of day.

Desperate and Patriot, who in dressess abhors  
The cold, the long and purposeless tramp;—  
That the poor with gaiters and mitten-clad feet,  
Are with Fortune disgraced to the kind.  
The world is truly in the help and pride,  
And doubts and dangers may obstruct thy way,  
But light steps pierce through the heaviest load;

The darkest hour lies on the wings of day.

Desperate and Patriot, who in dressess abhors  
Se'vet for the country glories yet unborn,  
And the bright, winged legend wings of Time,  
And the terrors and the thunders of mortality.  
He bares in thy devotion: heart by heart  
We travel in a sunless way,

And what names dubious now yet shall bear  
The darkest hour lies on the wings of day.

Desperate and Virtue, who in sorrow's hour  
Sings to her bosom woes intertwined,  
And from the shade of thy domestic bower  
She grace her hand, goes, sum'd of penance  
For sin.

God abhors her to prove thy filthiness,  
And in the vileness will be thy stay,  
Trust and deserve, and I will scatter red dust;  
The darkest hour lies on the wings of day.

Desperate and Man, however far the state,  
Nor even small blightings that wane the sun,  
Learn to stifle the impious croak of sin,  
And own the Providence who governs all.  
If these be not the ways of the world,  
They are the ways of the reason of safety,  
Be this thy faith and consolation still.—  
The darkest hour lies on the wings of day.

(Written for the Household Journal.)

**THE PARTING.**

Translated from Gothic.

BY GEORGE W. BIRKBECK.

Let colors fade you be fitting,  
For my lips they never can;

From now my hours are swelling,

And I thought I was a man.

By this parting all is eddying—  
Love's sweet gifts no more dividing

Even like it gives me no gladness,

Deep the load I sleep in silence.

Once, oh once, how sweet the promise,

When I told my lips to thine;

I find in the violet flowers,

Find in the rose the reddest.

Gloria! or will I be boasting,

Hence twice for those no swells;

Spring is here, to all like breathing—

To my dark Auburn bairns o'er.

**Tales of Fact and Fiction.****FOUR STRANGE STORIES.**

LL fear shall be told exactly as I, the present author, have received them. They are all derived from credible sources; and the first is the most extraordinary of them. It is well known at first hand to individuals still living.

**THE FIRST STORY.**

Some few years ago, a well-known English artist received a commission from Lady E. to paint a portrait of her husband. It was stipulated that she should execute the picture in oil, and that it should be ready at P. M. in the evening, because his engagements were too many to permit his arrival upon a fresh work till the London season should be over. As he happened to be on terms of intimate acquaintance with his employer, he had no difficulty in finding time to accommodate, and on the 13th of September he sat down in good bearing to perform his engagement.

He took the tools for the station required to paint the figure himself, when first starting, alone in a carriage. His solitude did not, however, continue long. At the first station out of London, a young lady entered the carriage, and took the corner opposite to him.

She was very delicate looking, with a remarkable blending of sweetness and sadness in her countenance, which did not fail to attract the notice of a man of observation and some knowledge of the human frame. She spoke a syllable; but, at length, the gentleman made the remarks usual under such circumstances, on the weather and the country, and, the ice being broken, they entered into a friendly conversation. The young lady was much surprised by the intimate knowledge the young lady seemed to have of himself and his doings. He was quite certain that he must have been her subject, but was unable to make out when he suddenly inquired, whether he could make, from recollection, the likeness of a person whom he had seen only once, or at most twice?

He was hesitating what to reply, when she said, "I know."

"Do you think, for example, that you could paint me from recollection?"

He replied that he was not quite sure, but that perhaps he could.

"Well, sit down," "Look at me again, you may have to take a likeness of me."

He complied with this odd request, and she asked, rather eagerly:

"Now, do you think you could?"

"Yes, I do so," he replied, "but I cannot say for certain."

At this moment the train stopped. The young lady rose from her seat, smiled in a friendly manner on the painter, and had him good-by; adding, as she quitted the carriage, "We shall meet again soon."

The train started off, and Mr. H. (the artist) was left to his own reflections.

The station was reached in due time, and Lady E.'s carriage was there to meet the expected guest. It carried him to the place of his destination, one of "the stately homes of England," after a pleasant drive, and deposited him at the hall door, where his host and hostess were standing to receive him, with a large group-table, and he was shown to his room, for the dinner-hour was close at hand.

Having completed his toilet, and descended in the direction of Mr. H., he found him seated on one of the ottomans, his young companion of the railway carriage. She greeted him with a smile and a bow of recognition. She sat by his side at dinner, and, after two or three times, mixed in the general conversation, and seemed perfectly at home.

Mr. H. had no doubt of his being an intelligent friend of his hostess. The evening was passed in the usual way. The artist turned a good deal upon the fine arts in general, and on painting in particular, and Mr. H. was entreated to show some of the sketches he had brought down with him from London. He readily produced them, and the young lady was much interested in them.

At a late hour the party broke up, and retired to their several apartments.

Next morning, Mr. H. was again tempted by the bright sunbeam to leave his room, and stroll down into the park. The drawing room opened into the garden; passing through it, he inquiry of a servant who was busy near the entrance, whether the young lady had come down since.

"What young lady, sir?" asked the man, with an expression of surprise.

"The young lady who dined here last night," replied the man, looking fixedly at him.

The painter said no more; I thinking within himself that the servant was either very stupid or had a very bad memory. Leaving the room, he stumbled out into the garden.

He was returning to the house, when he met his host, and the usual morning salutation between them ensued.

"Your fair young friend has left you?" observed the artist.

"What young friend?" inquired the lord of the manse.

"The young lady who dined here last night," informed Mr. H.

"I cannot imagine to whom you refer," replied the gentleman, very greatly surprised.

"Did not a young lady dine and spend the evening here yesterday?" persisted Mr. H., who, in his turn, was beginning to wonder.

"No," replied his host; "most certainly there was not."

The subject was never reverted to after this occasion, yet one could not bring himself to believe that he was laboring under a delusion.

He had, however, a dream; it was a dream in two parts. As surely as the young lady had been his companion in the railway carriage, so surely she had sat at beside him

at the dinner-table. Yet she did not come again; and everybody in the house, except himself, appeared to be ignorant of her existence.

He finished the portrait on which he was engaged, and returned to London.

After which he established up his profession, growing in reputation, and working hard. Yet be never all the while forgot a single liniment in the fair young face of his little-traveler. He had no else for which to care, and when he met and enquired of her, or who she was. He often thought of her, but spoke to no one about her. There was a mystery about the master which imposed silence on him. It was wild, strange, utterly unaccountable.

Mr. H. was called by business to Canterbury. An old friend of his—whom I will call Mr. Wynde—attended them. Mr. H. was anxious to see him, and hagingeously a few hours at his disposal, wrote as soon as possible, and, bidding Mr. Wynde to call upon him, he did so.

At the time appointed, the door of his room opened, and Mrs. Wynde was announced. He was a complete stranger to the name and was inquiring the meaning of the twain who were in the apartment.

It appeared, on explanation, that Mr. H.'s friend had left Canterbury some time; that the gentlewoman now fees to wish to see him again. The old friend, however, had not intended for the absentee to have given him; and that he had obeyed the summons, supposing some business matter to be the cause of it.

The two gentlemen entered into a merry friendly conversation; for Mr. H. had mentioned his name, and it was not a strange one in his vicinity. When they had eaten their meal, Mr. Wynde left him. Mr. H. was left alone, and he had no one to whom he could undertake to pass, a portmanteau from mere description.

Mr. H. replied, never.

"Will you ask me this strong question?" said Mr. Wynde. "About two years ago, I lost a dear daughter. She was my only child, and I loved her very dearly. Her loss was a heavy affliction to me, and my regrets are deep. You are the deepest of men, and if you could paint me a portrait of my child, I should be very grateful."

"Mr. Wynde then described the features and appearance of his daughter, and the color of her hair and eyes, and the beauty of her face. Mr. H. listened attentively, and, feeling great sympathy with his grief, made a sketch. He had no thought of it being like, but hoped the bereaved father might possibly think it like."

"But the father shook his head on seeing the sketch, and said, 'No, it was not at all like.' Again the artist tried, and again he was disappointed. The father was veryatty but his expression was not happy, and the father turned away from it, thinking Mr. H. for his kind endeavor, had quite failed of any successful result. Suddenly a thought struck the painter; he took another sheet of paper, and, with a few bold strokes, sketched a portrait of his own daughter, and handed it to his companion. Instantly a bright look of recognition and pleasure lighted up the father's face, and he ex-



fully belonged. It did not come home in my mind, nor did my father's name; but it was there, it was a mystery. When I fell ill, and my recovery was pronounced to be impossible, I heard one night, a voice telling me that I should not die till I had restored the fish of the sea to me. I did not know what I did, but you know I had never heard of you; and at first I took no heed of the voice. But it came again, every night, until at length in despair I wrote to you. Then the voice came again. Your answer came, and I heard the warning that I must not die till you arrived. At last I heard that you were coming, and I have no language to thank you for your kindness. I feel sure I could not have died without seeing you."

"That night the old man died. I waited to bury him, and then returned home, bringing my recovered treasure with me. It was entirely restored to its place. That same year I received another letter, telling you to have been the inmate of a lunatic asylum for years, died, and I became the owner of this place. Last year, to my great surprise, I received a kind letter from the King of Denmark, bidding me to take charge of my father's other house. This house, I have learned, was given to his oldest son, and the king has returned a great part of the confiscated property; so that the son of prosperity seems to shine once more upon the family of Brewster. I have sold my soul, I sent out to shirinees, to Paris, and another to Vienna, in order that they might be analysed, and the moral of which they are composed made known to me; but none is able to tell me what it is."

"I should like to tell the Countess H.'s story, after which he led his eager Boston to the place where these precious articles were kept, and showed them to her.

(Written for the Household Journal.)

### GOD SPEED THE RIGHT.

God speed the right, who bravely fight

For freedom's holy cause;

"Tis just and right, with conscience weight,  
To defend the weak, and rescue the true,  
With frank and honest hand,  
And true hearts tried and tested,

They prophet go to each foe  
Or fit a hero's tomb.

From shore to shore, pray eat out more,

The valiant load and care;

"Till a gallant load, all o'er the land,  
Be given, then, to gallant sons for their  
Duty done, then, to gallant sons for their

For the Union and the law;

God speed the right, who bravely fight

For freedom's holy cause.

M. L. LYON.

### LILIAN'S PÉRPLEXITIES

A TALE IN TWELVE CHAPTERS.

BY A. W. DUNHOPE.

**A** Y! and climb that rough mountain road, and lay your way by those clearly defined granite fragments, broken into impossible steps, down which the snows are falling from the upper snow. Thither in the clear summer flakes are avalanche, which would snap down forests in their force, and the possible steps are precipices which no man has scaled or will scale to the end of time.

The road trends on those slopes of ice, which forever roll and run, as you, by turns, moments, with short slides to save depth in those innumerable crevasses with their green mysterious light finding into dark depths; those steep, precipitous rocks, and shattered stones, the silent, dead, gloomy valley with their cold shade houses after sunrises, yet at a farther point of view summates unexpectedly crowned with upland pastures, vividly green in the sunlight, dotted in the upper pastures with timbered clumps and game-herds, and mixed-sown grass—such scenes as these are to be treasured in the memory, and brought home, and used in

the painted or papered monotony of well-chained rooms, or a dimly lighted study or scrubbed brief, bringing up refreshing recollections of physical activity and vigor in contrast with present mental effort. The heart is lost, however, in the clear sense of loss, and feels again the dull sensation of weariness from hard exercises and ranking thought, followed with troubled slumber, but fine deep sleep, and clear head, and classic step on the morrow. The heart is lost, however, in the clear sense of loss, and feels again the dull

joyous passing enjoyment, is it likely then to help us seek a partner with whom to enjoy life?

"'Na,' is the reasonable answer to all this. You firmly resolve to hide your folly from all eyes, and strive to forget it when he is gone. He will go home in a few days; you are almost thankful for that.

Close Winter has gone. Time comes to have come at the last but two days, was at Extramontane—at the walk which he, and his brother took up the Helder mountains for a farewell look on the master level of Universes. You are silent, but searchless; you are still, but feel alone; set homeward; but let me name from home payred him to prolong his tour—"I had already done him so much good, why should I tell all his health was still restored?"

"'Twas then, when either I did, or did not, say the same thing, and they were so restive, too, they fought his reasons for retarding from point to point, and this it was that he was led to speak frankly of his affairs and of his eight years of struggle for knowledge, and the trials and tribulations he had undergone. His brother and sister, Frederick Temple, listened with many expressions of wonder at what he had accomplished, and Lilian listened with many expressions of admiration of his skill and knowledge, and the character unchanged, she often bring him back with a skilful turn, and often wish her she would with great decided tendency fit the subject of their talk.

"Nothing to think about, Lilian; except that you are lonely and sad; you are thinking deeply about this man's life; it does interest you, that hard fight of his with the world, that love of his for the two at home, a love not loudly spoken, very intense, but always there, and plainly visible to you, quick sight. Now, if your any farm is a pleasant tale, and although young, you have been already somewhat tired with the smooth monotony of existence, and a hankering desire to get away from the home-habits to the grandeur of life. So you have great pleasure in gazing on his face, which is grave with care, and bears thought-marks on the forehead; greater interest in that face, than in the hundred handsomest faces which have stirred your youth's path."

Nothing to think about, Lilian? You

grow very silent, the lively dash of your countenance, the gayety of your smile, all because you are overwhelmed by the walking excursions, your uprightness readily returns in his company, but it is Westby who comes at the last change in yourself. Why your high spirits have always headed every occasion, and your self-possession stood ready even with a smile, when the tipsy, wily, "What does it mean?—not love?—not love?—he is too good, too clever, that he should ever think of you. That's what does it mean?" You could always converse with him, and he would always be there, and the season with you on such a month in Boston Row, and dined with you on such a month in London, his conversation seemed strained and staid, while you could say, "I am sorry for the child that came into the world." He was lonesome, and the child to mind. He was lonesome, and the child to mind, and had clear thousands a year; and girls who knew—girls quite as pretty as yourself—looked on with envious eyes at his attentions, and the world said, "He is a good boy, in an office. You, indeed, with any questions, would not believe it; you protested it was nonsense, that sober marriage would never come from such idle foolish talk; and you, indeed, with any questions, would not believe it was nonsense, that the girl you had seen, when you called on her, was a widow, and rode, till one day, the rok-signet disappeared, of a Richmonde party, when you had been diversing yourself with good-natured railery and an engrossing concern for the welfare of the world, when your tips, when his voice dropped, and the young man offered you his hand; and you were astounded; the words thrilled through you; but a "No!" full quick fell from your lips; a moment later, you were again, and could speak easily enough—but you can't speak to Charles Westby now.

It is love, Lilian, though you fight against the thought, calling it folly, and hoping to shake it off, but it has finally told you, and never for all the world, what is in a pecuniary position to marry? See, with that full ambition that beats in his heart, which makes him almost grieve

over passing enjoyment, is it likely then to help us seek a partner with whom to enjoy life?

"'Na,' is the reasonable answer to all this. You firmly resolve to hide your folly from all eyes, and strive to forget it when he is gone. He will go home in a few days; you are almost thankful for that.

of interestness to the end of the day, and a night of infant sleep, the valley rushing up to you with fresh fragrance, the birds breaking with voices to Karlo Magno to save you. Smoother sleep towards morning, and you arose refreshed; a few brases and scented water to the nose the physical harm you were still utterly unversed.

It troubled you most that you could only realize detached portions of the events of yesterday; some things were very clear, then came entire blanks; and as you sat or lay, and were trying to puzzle matters out Westby entered the room.

"I am come to say farewell to Miss Tompkins."

"Good-bye, Lilian; Lilian! not Miss Tomples," you replied.

"Be it Lilian, then—*praysest Lilian*," he answered with emphasis on the word *praysest*.

"Oh, Karlo Magno! I hope they have thought you for me—*papa*—and mamma, and Fred,—how can I ever say what I feel? Your valuable life almost lost for my wilful carelessness fully."

"I am gently turning aside your eager words of gratitude. Charles Westby continues in a low voice, "My time is short, and I have something very particular to say. I feel, Lilian, it had better be here I had here long ago."

"Why, why, Karlo Magno?" You tremble with a vague fear.

"My dear girl, in the midst of that chance of life and death, you said you loved me."

"What, Mr. Westby?" Every vein in your body seems to burn.

"You remember your own words, Lilian."

"That I loved you?" You repeat his words with a smile, and a silent awe. Great marvel and pain, that your own lips should unwittingly have revealed the secret of your heart. Yet what manner? If he did love you, the shame would have been lost in bewilderment, joy, that in any manner he had known the truth. Then, however, a cold shudder steals through you that Charles Westby does not reciprocate your love, and gradually you are frozen into self-possession.

"On my honor, Mr. Westby, I cannot remember having made such a confession. My head is in a strange state; I have only a very partial remembrance of the events of yesterday. I will remember my feelings of deep gratitude and admiration for your noble character."

"I assure you," replied Westby growing very confused.

"It is not wonderful that I should have talked with you and lost my head to speak an confession. I know, Mr. Westby, that you will not hold me to any random words."

And you do govern your friends so well, Lilian, that you deserve him into a bangle that had never uttered empty words. You are a good girl, and I am greatly relieved to find it. Then he turns the idea of his marriage into a joking impossibility, talking in a brotherly confidential tone of that which he had told you before for a secret. As you do not tell me to your countenance, and see that in his head he only holds you fit for the sunshine and ease of life—you, who for ever have been bound with him, his love, his tenderness, and affection, and devotion to the end of existence. Your brother discovers you downcast with dim eyes.

"Never, Fred!"

"Not grim Charles Westby, you little goose!"

"Nonsense! just as if he would care for a brotherly wife!"

"I do believe it is that fellow Charles!"

"You are a regular plague, Fred!" And you burst into tears in your brother's arms.

### CHAPTER III.

THE NOVEMBER.

Bounding along in the roads, the landscape blithe in a white fur of dust, there was no occupation for Charles Westby but thought. And at the outset it was satiation strong enough for him to think, because sentiment told him he had acted well. In a moment of pert animal love he had escaped from a young girl's lips. It had caused great embarrassment to him—lost



flakes are avalanche, which would snap down forests in their force, and the possible steps are precipices which no man has scaled or will scale to the end of time.

The road trends on those slopes of ice, which forever roll and run, as you, by turns, moments, with short slides to save depth in those innumerable crevasses with their green mysterious light finding into dark depths; those steep, precipitous rocks, and shattered stones, the silent, dead, gloomy valley with their cold shade houses after sunrises, yet at a farther point of view summates unexpectedly crowned with upland pastures, vividly green in the sunlight, dotted in the upper pastures with timbered clumps and game-herds, and mixed-sown grass—such scenes as these are to be treasured in the memory, and brought home, and used in

















# THE PREISSIER GALOP.

COMPOSED BY CHARLES D'ALBERT.

## INTRODUCTION.

Moderato.

PIANO-FORTE.

## CALOP.

Vivace con Leggerezza.

pp Crescenzo do

1st. 2d.

pp Crescenzo do

pp Crescenzo do

f

pp Crescenzo do

D. C.

## CODA.

pp Crescenzo do

pp Crescenzo do

1st. 2d.

f



## Art, Science, and Invention.

## THE AURORA BOREALIS.

Grand displays of the aurora borealis take place every sixty-five years, and last from twenty to thirty days. The intensity of the aurora borealis is conical, the nature of which they are formed coming from the space occupied by the planets.

## MORE IMPROVEMENTS IN SEWING-MACHINES.

The latest improvement which we have heard of, in connection with that indispensable family article, a sewing-machine, has been made by the New Haven Machine Company, called "A new improved rocker and marker," combining "sewing gauge," "loom gauge," "quilting," "seaming gauge," "zig-zag," and one which the ladies most highly appreciate. The adjustment is so perfect, that each part is made from the other, so that the machine can be used on pieces of goods without a shadow of difference in size and distance of touch.

## ELECTRICITY.

Experiments now prove that it is dangerous to establish telegraphs near powder-magazines, and that, wherever the latter are situated, lighting conductors ought to be erected upon them.

## OIL WELLS.

The oil wells of the Kauai Valley are unparalleled for the quality of oil produced; besides, much of the oil being free from water, and ready for shipment, just as it comes from the wells.

## A CURIOUS BELT FOR THE FRENCH ARMY.

A curious invention for the use of the army has recently been made in France. It consists of a coiled-and-lett belt on an entirely new principle. An inverted truncated cone, made of thin metal, fitting closely about the waist, divides the belt into two equal parts, which divide, so that, in case of accident to one or more of these, the apparatus would still be serviceable. The belt is 18 feet long and 1 1/2 inches wide. The experiment was made by the minister of a submarine school on the Seine, and a number of trials were made before the invention was adopted, and was soon put into actual factory. The river was crossed and recrossed by what is known as treading water, and the belt was found to be perfectly safe. The mock-gone-through. The swimmers then made an effort to lie down on the river, and even to turn over, and the apparatus always brought them back to the vertical position.

## GLASS CASES.

These, it is said, are replacing, in the south, the wooden cases in which books and papers are of different sizes, to contain from five to one hundred lines. They are said to be stronger, when kept stationary, than wood cases, having withstood a punch which shattered the ordinary cases to pieces.

## CANDLES IN CANDESSES.

Soon after the catastrophe in France, in which has been destroyed a considerable quantity of nitrate of potash (chlorate of potash answers still better), but is too expensive for common practice), and by force of circumstances, and necessity, candles are made, a mere perfect combustion is insured, smutting is rendered nearly as superfluous as in wax candles, and the candle thus treated will not run. The wick must be thoroughly dried before the tallow is put to them.

## THE WEATHER AND THE STUNNILLATION OF THE STARS.

In a communication recently made to the French Academy of Sciences, by M. Linné, it is stated that the occurrences of storms and similar changes in the atmosphere, at first, have been of no great importance; but, after four weeks, or forty hours before-hand, by observing the diminution of the stars, as shown in a telescope. This is also observed in the sun, and in a mirror, which reflects the condition of the atmosphere through which the rays pass. The best indicator of the approach of a storm is the appearance of meteors, as said to be obtained from a well-defined image of a star of the first magnitude, when near the polar axis of the sky. At first there may be no motion apparent; but all directions across the image, vibrations, or waves, pass over the star, brilliant, and obscured or colored. By this means, the stars are observed, and perceived, that they cross the disc in one direction, thus showing the direction in which currents of air are moving, at that time, and appear near the stars' images. For instance, when these undulations pass over the image of the star from the north-east, it indicates that a strong wind from that quarter is blowing at the distance above the earth, and consequently the approach of dry weather. On the contrary, when the waves cross the disc of the star's image

from the south-west, they foretell rain. The telegrams may thus sometimes serve the same purpose as a weather-glass.

## INDIA-RUBBER VARNISH.

That india-rubber dissolved in various liquids yields a good varnish, is well known; but, in general, they are too viscous for delicate purposes, and are apt to become brittle. India-rubber, however, is easily liquefied by heat, dissolved in oil of camphor, or drying linseed oil, does not give a brittle varnish, but a soft, flexible, elastic one. Moreover, a considerable quantity of india-rubber remains unlithified in a gelatinous state, suspended in the liquid, as in the India-rubber solution. Dr. H. H. Dakin has recently published some remarks on this subject, which may be useful. If india-rubber be cut into small pieces, and heated, a jelly will be formed; this salt be treated with benzene, and thus a much greater proportion of camphor will be dissolved, and the India-rubber will be rendered pliable again. The India-rubber may be strained through a woollen cloth, and the substance of carbon be driven off by evaporation of the camphor. The India-rubber may be dissolved in alcohol, and then strained, and the India-rubber may be dried at will with benzene, by which it becomes transparent, but still yellowish. It may be heated, and then cold, and this way it is prepared by digesting India-rubber cut into small pieces for many days in benzene, and frequently shaking the bath, which contains the India-rubber.

The India-rubber may be easily dissolved, yielding a liquid which is similar to benzene, and may be obtained very clear by heating, and then cooling. It may be diluted by stretching, and will furnish an excellent waterproof composition. As for the liquid itself, it interpenetrates easily with all fixed or volatile organic substances, and when it takes, makes articles with resinous varnishes. It is extremely flexible, may be spread in very thin layers, and may be applied to the surface of fine leather and silk. It may be employed to varnish geographical maps or prints, because it does not injure the paper, nor the ink, nor the colors; it reflects light disagreeably, and vanishes, and is not subject to crack or come off in scales. It may be used to fix black chalk drawings; and unprinted paper, when covered with this varnish, may be written on with ink.

## Useful Recipes.

**CHEAP BLACK VARNISH FOR LEATHER OR LEATHER WHICH WILL NOT BE IN PAPER OR WAX.**

Dissolve two oz. of India-rubber in one pint of alcohol; add one ounce of Venetian turpentine, and tanquah, quantity sufficient; shake occasionally for two hours, and strain through India-rubber, before use. It has no soap taste.

## FOR CUTTING BEADS.

For every foot or part of an inch, add five inches to the knife, sharpening from toe to toe, that it may not stick. The shoulder of the foot to the lower edge of the blade, and the shoulder of the toe to the upper edge of the blade, should be of the same length; from toe to toe, must be four feet and three inches.

## FOR REMOVING SILK GLOVES.

Alcohol, one gall. sugar, one poundweight, white ammonia, two ounces; mix with water, one quart. Mix and saturate the garment with the compound, and lay it on a board, and let it remain for half an hour; add to the compound one and a half ounces of extract horehound, sarsaparilla, and balsam, and lay it on the skin, from toe to toe, for half an hour and three quarters.

## DARKE APPLE DINESES.

Pare and core the apples, and cover each one with bluish-drab or purple paper. Heat ready the beans and nuts, and when these paper water and nut induces. Take these three-quarters of an hour.

## TO MAKE YEAST.

One quart of flour, one tablespoonful of sugar; one tablespoonful of oil. Boil six pints in three quarts of water, add yeast, and when the water is cool, mix with sugar, add a pint of yeast to it.

## EARLY MARCH FROST.

One tablespoonful of melted butter; one pint of sour milk; a good tablespoonful of sugar. Mix it enough to make a very stiff batter.

## TO MAKE MUSTARD.

Bell-sows vinegar; take four tablespoonfuls of mustard; a half-spoonful of sugar; a half-spoonful and butter. Mix well.

## ICE CREAM.

For one quart of ice-cream take the white of four eggs; beat well; mix them with one pound of white sugar, and stir well; pour in the white of eggs, mix well, and stir well; add a pint of milk, and mix well, and pour into a shallow dish; flavor with lemon, or anything else chosen.

## BAKED TOMATOES.

After removing the skins by peeling, boiling water over them, and then cutting them in halves, and putting them in a baking dish, and covering with salt, eggs, sugar, and cream. A pint of cream is added, and the dish is covered, and they should be baked in a hot oven for an hour, when they will be found delicious and beautiful.

from the south-west, they foretell rain. The telegrams may thus sometimes serve the same purpose as a weather-glass.

## Chess Chronicle.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**Long Branch.**—The problem to black you refer very quit correct, as you will discover by referring to Red No. 2.

**P. Crowley.**—The problem to which you refer is found in Red No. 2, and cannot be solved in the number of moves indicated.

## PROBLEM No. 53.

By A. B. Dolbear, of Morrisville, N. Y.  
BLACK.



White to play and win.

WHITE. BLACK. WHITE. BLACK.

1. e3 d5 2. e5 d4 3. e6 d3 4. e7 d2 5. e8 d1 6. e9 d0 7. e10 d9 8. e11 d8 9. e12 d7 10. e13 d6 11. e14 d5 12. e15 d4 13. e16 d3 14. e17 d2 15. e18 d1 16. e19 d0 17. e20 d9 18. e21 d8 19. e22 d7 20. e23 d6 21. e24 d5 22. e25 d4 23. e26 d3 24. e27 d2 25. e28 d1 26. e29 d0 27. e30 d9 28. e31 d8 29. e32 d7 30. e33 d6 31. e34 d5 32. e35 d4 33. e36 d3 34. e37 d2 35. e38 d1 36. e39 d0 37. e40 d9 38. e41 d8 39. e42 d7 40. e43 d6 41. e44 d5 42. e45 d4 43. e46 d3 44. e47 d2 45. e48 d1 46. e49 d0 47. e50 d9 48. e51 d8 49. e52 d7 50. e53 d6 51. e54 d5 52. e55 d4 53. e56 d3 54. e57 d2 55. e58 d1 56. e59 d0 57. e60 d9 58. e61 d8 59. e62 d7 60. e63 d6 61. e64 d5 62. e65 d4 63. e66 d3 64. e67 d2 65. e68 d1 66. e69 d0 67. e70 d9 68. e71 d8 69. e72 d7 70. e73 d6 71. e74 d5 72. e75 d4 73. e76 d3 74. e77 d2 75. e78 d1 76. e79 d0 77. e80 d9 78. e81 d8 79. e82 d7 80. e83 d6 81. e84 d5 82. e85 d4 83. e86 d3 84. e87 d2 85. e88 d1 86. e89 d0 87. e90 d9 88. e91 d8 89. e92 d7 90. e93 d6 91. e94 d5 92. e95 d4 93. e96 d3 94. e97 d2 95. e98 d1 96. e99 d0 97. e100 d9 98. e101 d8 99. e102 d7 100. e103 d6 101. e104 d5 102. e105 d4 103. e106 d3 104. e107 d2 105. e108 d1 106. e109 d0 107. e110 d9 108. e111 d8 109. e112 d7 110. e113 d6 111. e114 d5 112. e115 d4 113. e116 d3 114. e117 d2 115. e118 d1 116. e119 d0 117. e120 d9 118. e121 d8 119. e122 d7 120. e123 d6 121. e124 d5 122. e125 d4 123. e126 d3 124. e127 d2 125. e128 d1 126. e129 d0 127. e130 d9 128. e131 d8 129. e132 d7 130. e133 d6 131. e134 d5 132. e135 d4 133. e136 d3 134. e137 d2 135. e138 d1 136. e139 d0 137. e140 d9 138. e141 d8 139. e142 d7 140. e143 d6 141. e144 d5 142. e145 d4 143. e146 d3 144. e147 d2 145. e148 d1 146. e149 d0 147. e150 d9 148. e151 d8 149. e152 d7 150. e153 d6 151. e154 d5 152. e155 d4 153. e156 d3 154. e157 d2 155. e158 d1 156. e159 d0 157. e160 d9 158. e161 d8 159. e162 d7 160. e163 d6 161. e164 d5 162. e165 d4 163. e166 d3 164. e167 d2 165. e168 d1 166. e169 d0 167. e170 d9 168. e171 d8 169. e172 d7 170. e173 d6 171. e174 d5 172. e175 d4 173. e176 d3 174. e177 d2 175. e178 d1 176. e179 d0 177. e180 d9 178. e181 d8 179. e182 d7 180. e183 d6 181. e184 d5 182. e185 d4 183. e186 d3 184. e187 d2 185. e188 d1 186. e189 d0 187. e190 d9 188. e191 d8 189. e192 d7 190. e193 d6 191. e194 d5 192. e195 d4 193. e196 d3 194. e197 d2 195. e196 d1 196. e197 d0 197. e198 d9 198. e199 d8 199. e200 d7 200. e201 d6 201. e202 d5 202. e203 d4 203. e204 d3 204. e205 d2 205. e206 d1 206. e207 d0 207. e208 d9 208. e209 d8 209. e210 d7 210. e211 d6 211. e212 d5 212. e213 d4 213. e214 d3 214. e215 d2 215. e216 d1 216. e217 d0 217. e218 d9 218. e219 d8 219. e220 d7 220. e221 d6 221. e222 d5 222. e223 d4 223. e224 d3 224. e225 d2 225. e226 d1 226. e227 d0 227. e228 d9 228. e229 d8 229. e230 d7 230. e231 d6 231. e232 d5 232. e233 d4 233. e234 d3 234. e235 d2 235. e236 d1 236. e237 d0 237. e238 d9 238. e239 d8 239. e240 d7 240. e241 d6 241. e242 d5 242. e243 d4 243. e244 d3 244. e245 d2 245. e246 d1 246. e247 d0 247. e248 d9 248. e249 d8 249. e250 d7 250. e251 d6 251. e252 d5 252. e253 d4 253. e254 d3 254. e255 d2 255. e256 d1 256. e257 d0 257. e258 d9 258. e259 d8 259. e260 d7 260. e261 d6 261. e262 d5 262. e263 d4 263. e264 d3 264. e265 d2 265. e266 d1 266. e267 d0 267. e268 d9 268. e269 d8 269. e270 d7 270. e271 d6 271. e272 d5 272. e273 d4 273. e274 d3 274. e275 d2 275. e276 d1 276. e277 d0 277. e278 d9 278. e279 d8 279. e280 d7 280. e281 d6 281. e282 d5 282. e283 d4 283. e284 d3 284. e285 d2 285. e286 d1 286. e287 d0 287. e288 d9 288. e289 d8 289. e290 d7 290. e291 d6 291. e292 d5 292. e293 d4 293. e294 d3 294. e295 d2 295. e296 d1 296. e297 d0 297. e298 d9 298. e299 d8 299. e300 d7 300. e301 d6 301. e302 d5 302. e303 d4 303. e304 d3 304. e305 d2 305. e306 d1 306. e307 d0 307. e308 d9 308. e309 d8 309. e310 d7 310. e311 d6 311. e312 d5 312. e313 d4 313. e314 d3 314. e315 d2 315. e316 d1 316. e317 d0 317. e318 d9 318. e319 d8 319. e320 d7 320. e321 d6 321. e322 d5 322. e323 d4 323. e324 d3 324. e325 d2 325. e326 d1 326. e327 d0 327. e328 d9 328. e329 d8 329. e330 d7 330. e331 d6 331. e332 d5 332. e333 d4 333. e334 d3 334. e335 d2 335. e336 d1 336. e337 d0 337. e338 d9 338. e339 d8 339. e340 d7 340. e341 d6 341. e342 d5 342. e343 d4 343. e344 d3 344. e345 d2 345. e346 d1 346. e347 d0 347. e348 d9 348. e349 d8 349. e350 d7 350. e351 d6 351. e352 d5 352. e353 d4 353. e354 d3 354. e355 d2 355. e356 d1 356. e357 d0 357. e358 d9 358. e359 d8 359. e360 d7 360. e361 d6 361. e362 d5 362. e363 d4 363. e364 d3 364. e365 d2 365. e366 d1 366. e367 d0 367. e368 d9 368. e369 d8 369. e370 d7 370. e371 d6 371. e372 d5 372. e373 d4 373. e374 d3 374. e375 d2 375. e376 d1 376. e377 d0 377. e378 d9 378. e379 d8 379. e380 d7 380. e381 d6 381. e382 d5 382. e383 d4 383. e384 d3 384. e385 d2 385. e386 d1 386. e387 d0 387. e388 d9 388. e389 d8 389. e390 d7 390. e391 d6 391. e392 d5 392. e393 d4 393. e394 d3 394. e395 d2 395. e396 d1 396. e397 d0 397. e398 d9 398. e399 d8 399. e400 d7 400. e401 d6 401. e402 d5 402. e403 d4 403. e404 d3 404. e405 d2 405. e406 d1 406. e407 d0 407. e408 d9 408. e409 d8 409. e410 d7 410. e411 d6 411. e412 d5 412. e413 d4 413. e414 d3 414. e415 d2 415. e416 d1 416. e417 d0 417. e418 d9 418. e419 d8 419. e420 d7 420. e421 d6 421. e422 d5 422. e423 d4 423. e424 d3 424. e425 d2 425. e426 d1 426. e427 d0 427. e428 d9 428. e429 d8 429. e430 d7 430. e431 d6 431. e432 d5 432. e433 d4 433. e434 d3 434. e435 d2 435. e436 d1 436. e437 d0 437. e438 d9 438. e439 d8 439. e440 d7 440. e441 d6 441. e442 d5 442. e443 d4 443. e444 d3 444. e445 d2 445. e446 d1 446. e447 d0 447. e448 d9 448. e449 d8 449. e450 d7 450. e451 d6 451. e452 d5 452. e453 d4 453. e454 d3 454. e455 d2 455. e456 d1 456. e457 d0 457. e458 d9 458. e459 d8 459. e460 d7 460. e461 d6 461. e462 d5 462. e463 d4 463. e464 d3 464. e465 d2 465. e466 d1 466. e467 d0 467. e468 d9 468. e469 d8 469. e470 d7 470. e471 d6 471. e472 d5 472. e473 d4 473. e474 d3 474. e475 d2 475. e476 d1 476. e477 d0 477. e478 d9 478. e479 d8 479. e480 d7 480. e481 d6 481. e482 d5 482. e483 d4 483. e484 d3 484. e485 d2 485. e486 d1 486. e487 d0 487. e488 d9 488. e489 d8 489. e490 d7 490. e491 d6 491. e492 d5 492. e493 d4 493. e494 d3 494. e495 d2 495. e496 d1 496. e497 d0 497. e498 d9 498. e499 d8 499. e500 d7 500. e501 d6 501. e502 d5 502. e503 d4 503. e504 d3 504. e505 d2 505. e506 d1 506. e507 d0 507. e508 d9 508. e509 d8 509. e510 d7 510. e511 d6 511. e512 d5 512. e513 d4 513. e514 d3 514. e515 d2 515. e516 d1 516. e517 d0 517. e518 d9 518. e519 d8 519. e520 d7 520. e521 d6 521. e522 d5 522. e523 d4 523. e524 d3 524. e525 d2 525. e526 d1 526. e527 d0 527. e528 d9 528. e529 d8 529. e530 d7 530. e531 d6 531. e532 d5 532. e533 d4 533. e534 d3 534. e535 d2 535. e536 d1 536. e537 d0 537. e538 d9 538. e539 d8 539. e540 d7 540. e541 d6 541. e542 d5 542. e543 d4 543. e544 d3 544. e545 d2 545. e546 d1 546. e547 d0 547. e548 d9 548. e549 d8 549. e550 d7 550. e551 d6 551. e552 d5 552. e553 d4 553. e554 d3 554. e555 d2 555. e556 d1 556. e557 d0 557. e558 d9 558. e559 d8 559. e560 d7 560. e561 d6 561. e562 d5 562. e563 d4 563. e564 d3 564. e565 d2 565. e566 d1 566. e567 d0 567. e568 d9 568. e569 d8 569. e570 d7 570. e571 d6 571. e572 d5 572. e573 d4 573. e574 d3 574. e575 d2 575. e576 d1 576. e577 d0 577. e578 d9 578. e579 d8 579. e580 d7 580. e581 d6 581. e582 d5 582. e583 d4 583. e584 d3 584. e585 d2 585. e586 d1 586. e587 d0 587. e588 d9 588. e589 d8 589. e590 d7 590. e591 d6 591. e592 d5 592. e593 d4 593. e594 d3 594. e595 d2 595. e596 d1 596. e597 d0 597. e598 d9 598. e599 d8 599. e600 d7 600. e601 d6 601. e602 d5 602. e603 d4 603. e604 d3 604. e605 d2 605. e606 d1 606. e607 d0 607. e608 d9 608. e609 d8 609. e610 d7 610. e611 d6 611. e612 d5 612. e613 d4 613. e614 d3 614. e615 d2 615. e616 d1 616. e617 d0 617. e618 d9 618. e619 d8 619. e620 d7 620. e621 d6 621. e622 d5 622. e623 d4 623. e624 d3 624. e625 d2 625. e626 d1 626. e627 d0 627. e628 d9 628. e629 d8 629. e630 d7 630. e631 d6 631. e632 d5 632. e633 d4 633. e634 d3 634. e635 d2 635. e636 d1 636. e637 d0 637. e638 d9 638. e639 d8 639. e640 d7 640. e641 d6 641. e642 d5 642. e643 d4 643. e644 d3 644. e645 d2 645. e646 d1 646. e647 d0 647. e648 d9 648. e649 d8 649. e650 d7 650. e651 d6 651. e652 d5 652. e653 d4 653. e654 d3 654. e655 d2 655. e656 d1 656. e657 d0 657. e658 d9 658. e659 d8 659. e660 d7 660. e661 d6 661. e662 d5 662. e663 d4 663. e664 d3 664. e665 d2 665. e666 d1 666. e667 d0 667. e668 d9 668. e669 d8 669. e670 d7 670. e671 d6 671. e672 d5 672. e673 d4 673. e674 d3 674. e675 d2 675. e676 d1 676. e677 d0 677. e678 d9 678. e679 d8 679. e680 d7 680. e681 d6 681. e682 d5 682. e683 d4 683. e684 d3 684. e685 d2 685. e686 d1 686. e687 d0 687. e688 d9 688. e689 d8 689. e690 d7 690. e691 d6 691. e692 d5 692. e693 d4 693. e694 d3 694. e695 d2 695. e696 d1 696. e697 d0 697. e698 d9 698. e699 d8 699. e700 d7 700. e701 d6 701. e702 d5 702. e703 d4 703. e704 d3 704. e705 d2 705. e706 d1 706. e707 d0 707. e708 d9 708. e709 d8 709. e710 d7 710. e711 d6 711. e712 d5 712. e713 d4 713. e714 d3 714. e715 d2 715. e716 d1 716. e717 d0 717. e718 d9 718. e719 d8 719. e720 d7 720. e721 d6 721. e722 d5 722. e723 d4 723. e724 d3 724. e725 d2 725. e726 d1 726. e727 d0 727. e728 d9 728. e729 d8 729. e730 d7 730. e731 d6 731. e732 d5 732. e733 d4 733. e734 d3 734. e735 d2 735. e736 d1 736. e737 d0 737. e738 d9 738. e739 d8 739. e740 d7 740. e741 d6 741. e742 d5 742. e743 d4 743. e744 d3 744. e745 d2 745. e746 d1 746. e747 d0 747. e748 d9 748. e749 d8 749. e750 d7 750. e751 d6 751. e752 d5 752. e753 d4 753. e754 d3 754. e755 d2 755. e756 d1 756. e757 d0 757. e758 d9 758. e759 d8 759. e760 d7 760. e761 d6 761. e762 d5 762. e763 d4 763. e764 d3 764. e765 d2 765. e766 d1 766. e767 d0 767. e768 d9 768. e769 d8 769. e770 d7 770. e771 d6 771. e772 d5 772. e773 d4 773. e774 d3 774. e775 d2 775. e776 d1 776. e777 d0 777. e778 d9 778. e779 d8 779. e780 d7 780. e781 d6 781. e782 d5 782. e783 d4 783. e784 d3 784. e785 d2 785. e786 d1 786. e787 d0 787. e788 d9 788. e789 d8 789. e790 d7 790. e791



